

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, December 1, 1904.

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Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Upper Greenbrier Community.

On the Road Between Bartow and
Boyer.

Monday afternoon, October 24, 1904, Harvey Bock brought out his nice rig to have me conveyed to Bartow on my return home.

His father took up my belongings and saw me off in the care of the store clerk, Charles Grogg. Finding myself thus confined in the hands of Mr. Grogg, I began to wonder whether there would be any likelihood of my becoming groggy in the premises. Mr. Bock, in his earnest way, impressed me with the idea that the closer I staid to Grogg, the less would be any liability of getting groggy, and so we sped away towards Bartow in the best of spirits.

The afternoon was one of rare loveliness, in contrast with the inclemency of the previous day. About fifty years had elapsed since I had passed over the road from Boyer to Bartow, and so many had been the changes that all appeared just as strange as if I had never been anywhere near at any time previously, with one exception, the pine woods near Peter Yeager's.

I will never forget those woods for this pleasant reason: Late in the forties, while returning from Col. William T. Gammon's wedding, as my best girl and myself were riding along under these pines I asked her what name she had given her nice pony. She blushed beautifully and coyly replied: "I call him 'Willy,' I must confess, however, that I failed to see the point just at the time and did not appreciate the compliment as much as it deserved, but as it is now time to let such bygones be bygones I will not at this moment attempt to tell here how vividly these silent, gloomy pines recall charming memories of early youth."

I was much interested by seeing the home where good old Joe Hill spent the closing years of his life.

During my residence in Monterey, from 1865-9, this man and his family did much for my comfort, and I would gratefully remember it all. His nice little girls, Martha and Louisa, were my pupils for four years. Though Joe could not read or write himself, yet it was his consuming desire that his children might be educated, and he worked hard to get the means to pay for their tuition.

Martha went with us to Rockingham and spent a year and kept up her studies in our home schools along with helping to care for the children, our two little boys, Willy and James.

Not long after passing the Hill home we came to traces of fortifications thrown up in 1861, while the Confederates were at what was then called Camp Bartow, at the head of Greenbrier.

No sooner did Traveller's Repose and its historic surroundings emerge to view than my thoughts at once reverted to the Horse Shoe Bend on the Shenandoah Mountain in East Highland country. It was there that Mrs. Col. Washington Hall and myself paused and listened with conflicting emotions to the cannonading at the opening of the battle, October 2d, 1861. The question was, Should we go on to the home of her parents in Augusta county or return to McDowell, her own home.

Such was her confidence in the ability of the Confederate troops to keep the Federals back that she decided to go on and visit her aged sick mother.

Early the following day the news of the battle was received at Mr. Swoope's, so there was no special reason for hurrying home. She finished her visit and I attended a meeting of Presbyterians, if my memory serves me correctly.

I have on hand material for a sketch of that memorable affair at Camp Bartow which I hope to prepare for my courteous readers in the course of time.

This battle was one of a series that led to the crisis that made the battle of McDowell a pivotal point in the progress of the war in question. As heretofore noticed in the Times, it does seem that the matter was determined by the results at McDowell whether armed hostilities should terminate in 1862 or in 1863.

As it now appears, had there not been the "On to Grafton" in the outset of the war there would not have been the opportunity for Stonewall Jackson, the illustrious West Virginian, to have had it in his power to assault

the Union forces with the opportunity he improved and thus secured his success and reputation as one of the foremost soldiers of all recorded time.

As I see it, Camp Bartow will ever hold a place of interest in the estimation of all who may make Stonewall Jackson's career a theme for studious attention.

The head of Greenbrier for more than a hundred years has been a noted community. At this time from Bartow to Durbin everything seems to be on the move, many of the people seemingly begrudging the time for eating and sleeping, so intent are they upon their various occupations.

Upon boarding the train after a pleasant half-hour spent with John Andrew and Bessie, two of my pet young people, my attention was attracted by the diversity of tongues that were being busily wagged by my fellow passengers as the train moved smoothly and leisurely towards Durbin.

One nearest me I took to be an Italian, of rather attractive appearance. From the way he was surrounded by a roll of floor matting and sundry parcels and a new broom I inferred he was preparing for home comforts for himself and little family, some where near the line, not far off.

Upon being settled he took a cornucopia of grapes that he had just paid a dime for and offered to share it with the nearest passenger. The passenger, evidently a gentleman, would take but one small cluster and the two became very social.

Some of the dwellers on Alleghany Mountain had quite an exciting bear hunt last week. Nine bear were discovered near the head waters of the North Fork and a party of men and boys, with guns and dogs, gave chase for two or three days. Myles Simons brought down one with his shotgun and the others escaped.

During the chase one of the party (whose name I will not mention for fear of losing his life), armed with a 43-90 Winchester, when the bear came in sight fired one shot, cried "Oh, Lord!" and ran with all his might, but not toward the bear.

Several deer have been killed during the late snow.

Marvin Wilfong has finished his contract of logging for the Sweet, Lily Lumber Company and returned home.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Van Buren Arbogast is improving.

Rev. William T. Price, D. D., delivered an interesting lecture to a large audience at Traveller's Repose church Sunday.

Miss Maud Arbogast, who has been very ill with diphtheria, is improving fast and will soon be able to continue teaching.

Work on the tannery near this place is still going on. They expect to heat up the boilers next week.

William Slaton, an aged citizen of Boyer, died last week.

Edray.

Edray is on a boom.

Rev. Neff goes to Buckeye to tie the knot for a loving couple, John Tyler has been visiting friends on Hilt's Creek.

Ed Williams will start West in a few days.

Miss Daisy Mann was visiting Edray recently.

G. W. Mann killed twenty hogs which averaged 300 pounds Tuesday.

W. McClintic has the best portable mill in the county sawing at Isaac Sharp's. Everything is utilized from a saw log to a toothpick. Henry Overholts is mill boss and John Edmiston woods foreman. About 90 men are employed, with four teams at work in the woods. Wilson Courtney is buck swamper and Billy McClure cook and gray driver.

Pete Jackson and Hammond Mann, while engaged on their logging contract, met with a ground hog which showed fight. Pete armed himself with a coal pick and Hammond took a crowbar. After a severe fight they overcame it. It is now on exhibition and will be taught to catch mice.

Squire Hannah held court here last week.

R. M. Beard was in town on business.

R. C. Brown Leghorn Cocks for sale; strong, healthy birds, beautiful plumage; Price, \$1 (one dollar each). Address Mrs. Eva Ligon McNeel, Clover Lick, W. Va.

Undertakers.

We have an excellent line of COFFINS, CASKET & BURIAL BOARS and are prepared to ship all orders on any train to all points north of Marlinton, including Barton. All orders in the surrounding community promptly delivered. Will attend in person if desired. Terms reasonable.

"Mr. P., I have been thinking what a nice thing it is to do what is right. Several months ago the best friend I had on earth was taken away, and it is such a satisfaction to remember how well reconciled and peacefully she passed away, leaving me and

three little children so lonely. It was a privilege to have it in my power to refer him to one who as a father pitied his children as the Lord pitied those who fear Him, and that motherless

children and bereaved husbands have special claims upon Him for care and guidance, according to what He has so specially promised in His Word. It is my hope and prayer that this bereaved one with the little motherless children may realize the meaning of words like these:

Other refuge have I none.

Hangs my helpless soul on Thine love, oh leave me, not alone.

With deepest sympathy and

LIFE.

We have come to the conclusion that life is like the current of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the winds of its happy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands. We are happy in hope and we grasp easily at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on, and our hands are empty.

The charge took effect in the side of the head and death resulted almost instantly. The victim was over seventy years of age.

For a long number of years

John White lived on the Stamton and Parkersburg turnpike, near the county lines of Randolph and Pocahontas. His first wife

was a Houchin whose tragic death is recalled by the untimely end of her husband. She was found dead in the fireplace with a portion of the chimney upon her.

A woman named Jackson, who lived in the family was accused of having dealt foully with Mrs. White, and, putting the body in upon it as a blind. She was tried and convicted, but was acquitted upon a second trial. She then left the country and a rumor came back that she had been mobbed by woman in one of the Western States.

A Little Romance.

A little over nine years ago a well-known saloon man in Fayette county, who kept a barroom in Montgomery, was unfortunate enough to get into some trouble.

Among the people in the saloon at the time was Charlie Dutch, a well-known resident.

"Take the bar, Charlie, and stay here until I come back," said the saloon man, who stepped out the back door and disappeared in the gloom. Charlie stepped behind the bar and waited on the trade until his friend should return!

The evening passed and he came not, and nine years passed until he did return. Stepping into the saloon the other evening the long-lost owner went behind the bar and said:

"Much obliged, Charlie; I stayed a little longer than I expected."

Charlie looking up and recognizing him said:

"Well, I'm glad you came; I'll now go out and get my supper." — Ex.

Do we covet learning's prize?

Climb her heights and take it; In ourselves our fortunes lie, Life is what we make it.

H. M. DODRILL.

Fultz—Sharp.

A pleasant and interesting society event came off in the Infirmary cottage, Monday, November 28th, 1904, at 10 a.m., when Mr. James Howard Fultz and Miss Mary Hannah Sharp were united in holy matrimony, Rev. William T. Price, officiating minister.

The groom is a native of Centre county, Pennsylvania, but for the past two years an employee in the Harter Lumber plant, a few miles above Marlinton, an industrious young man with good prospects.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Sharp, near Frost. She is a much esteemed young person. Her bright and pleasing letters as a Frost correspondent of the Times were quite a feature a few years since. Many are the friends who will wish these young people all that an auspicious marriage implies.

Mild Winter.

A clipping from the Woodstock Herald is going the rounds of the press to the effect that Abram Strausser forecasts a mild winter. He claims success for many years and forms his predictions by the way the wind blows on the 25th of September. If the wind is from the north on that day a long, cold winter follows; from the east, there will be